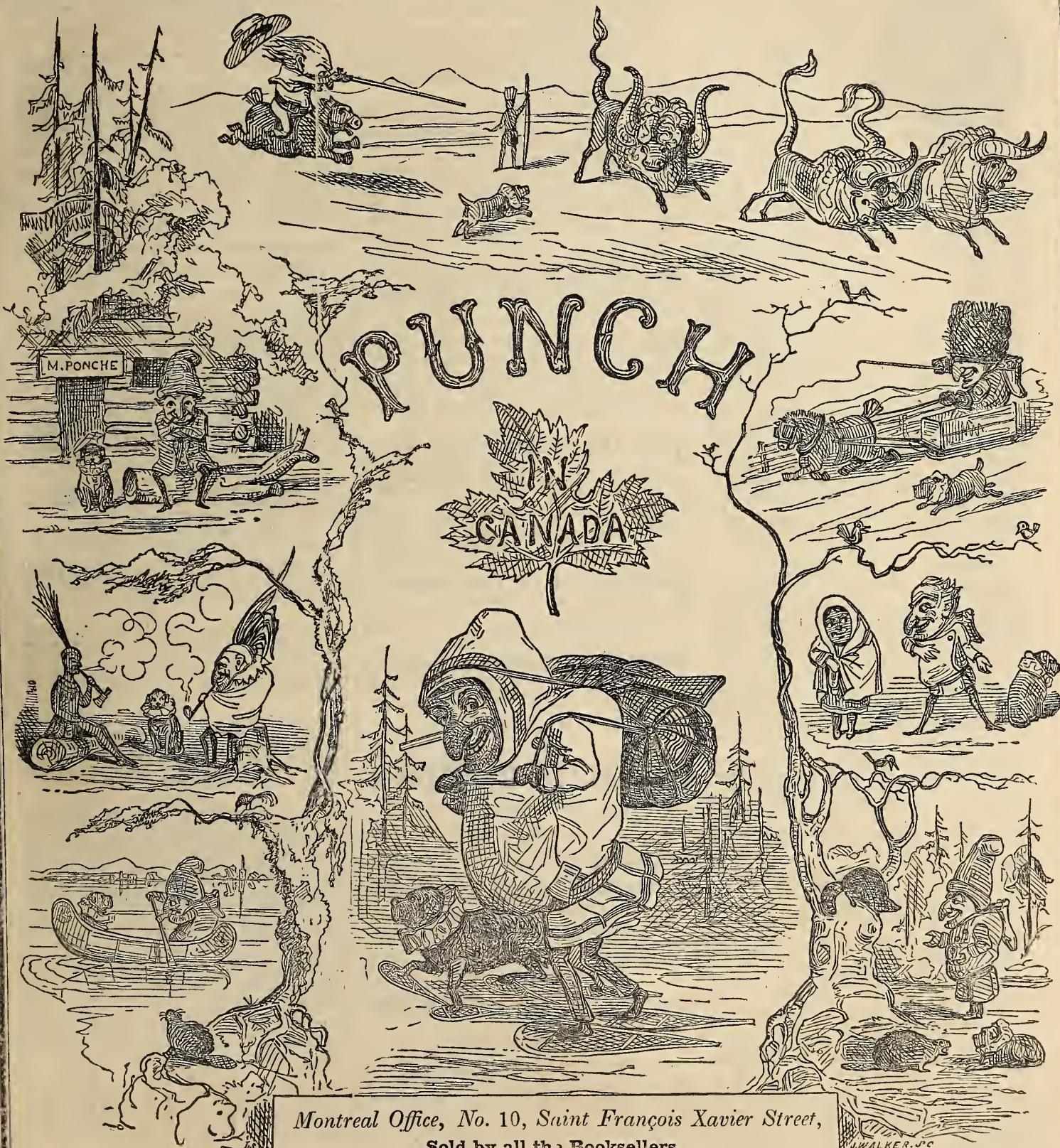


Vol. 1.—No. 6.]

March the 31st, 1849!

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## VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier*.

**CERTIFICATE.**—INTERNAL PAINS.—Gentlemen, — I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve: and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful as to *destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable*. I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,

Montreal, Nov. 1848. F. ANDREWS.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

To Mr. Buell, Bookseller,  
BROCKVILLE.

SIR,—I have received the copies of "PUNCH," you returned to my Office, some of which you had in your possession nearly three months. I have also received your account of sales, in which you charge me Three and Four pence for an advertisement in the "Recorder," which you had no authority to insert. You have an objection to sell the publication but none to advertise it. You object to the sin but pocket the wages.

I have hundred your account, &c. to Mr. Punch for publication in his next number. You have put his hunch up; his gold pen is being sharpened, and his baton is in good order.

Receive, Sir,  
The assurance of the distinguished consideration of  
THOS. B. DEWALDEN,  
Proprietor of Punch.

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SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, will be published in Quebec, once a fortnight, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued once a week.

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As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our lachrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholy. The first number is right good. We wish him full success.—*Patriot, Toronto*.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American*.

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character.—*Toronto Globe*.

If conducted with the talent which the opening number displays, we are confident that a weekly issue would not be a whit too frequent; and the old country *Punch* has abundantly demonstrated that a well sustained publication of this description may be made exceedingly useful for the correction of abuses, moral, social and political.—*Streetsville Review*.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This merry little weekly appeared according to previous notice, on New Year's Day. It contains a number of amusing pieces in prose and verse. One of the latter is not surpassed for the drollness of its versification, and its change of language from French to English, and vice versa, by its English prototype. But the most striking feature of the Canadian *Punch* is its frontispiece, in which the great droll is exhibited in the act of introducing himself to the "Natives,"—Members of parliament, lawyers, Iroquois, racoons, and beavers. The figures in some of the vignettes of this frontispiece, are remarkable for their grotesque humour, and do great honor to the artist, Mr. Lock. This wood-cut is certainly the very best, out of all proportion, which we have ever seen in Canada; and will, we trust, help to increase *Punch's* subscription list, as well as open the way for more extensive encouragement to the art of wood-engraving. Such specimens as *Punch's* frontispiece, are little inferior to any done in England; they will therefore, be worth paying for, to ornament books, or periodical publications. We shall be glad to see some publisher devise any plan which will enable him to find the means to pay for them, and should *Punch* be successful, we shall like it so much the better.—*Herald*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people. The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. *Punch*, while battling stoutly aginst humbug, says he will belong to no party.—*Quebec Gazette*.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have received the first number of a witty and amusing little paper from Montreal, bearing the title of "Punch in Canada."—*Punch* declares that he will belong to no party—and is determined to hntle strongly against all "Humbugs."—The plates are well executed, and full of humour.—*Quebec Mercury*.

## THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP AND MR. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON,  
THE LAST AND PRESENT LOVES OF MISS PAMELA  
PEPPERBURY; — THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MR. JOHN  
FITZROY TOMPKINSON.

## CHAPTER IV.

**P**R. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 129th Regiment of Foot, and Aide-de-Camp to General Sir JASPER SHABRACQUE, G. C. B. is the last acknowledged and ostensible flirt of Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY; that is, he is the gentleman who at this present time most frequently and most conspicuously waltzes with her and polks with her; cloaks her and shawls her; hands her to the carriage; and condescends the most pertinaciously of any man about town, to eat old PEPPERBURY's dinners and drink his claret.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON had succeeded to the post in Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY's very uncertain and migratory affections, held only a month ago by Mr. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP, a young gentleman who followed mercantile pursuits and who was in that respect pretty much of the same school as PAMELA's respected papa. He had been an ardent and devoted admirer for three whole months. No man can tell what desperate havoc Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY had made in Mr. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP's susceptible heart, nor the more desperate havoc in his purse, the result of the numerous articles of *virtu* and *bijouterie* which through his means found their way from the jeweller's to Miss PAMELA's dressing table. One fine morning he found however that there was a wreath of green willow "all around his hat;" — Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY had discarded Mr. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP for ever; but, — she kept his beautiful bracelets! Poor THOMAS is just now endeavouring to drown his sorrows in the strongest brandy and water, and seeks a diversion for his melancholy by rushing into all sorts of mad speculation in all sorts of merchandize, from consignments of jews-harps to whole cargoes of West India produce. Two days after his unceremonious dismissal, Mr. THOMAS STUMPYBUMP had the unspeakable satisfaction to find himself splashed from head to foot with mud, thrown from the heels of a white-legged chesnut, the property of Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, on which his old flame PAMELA was gracefully cantering along, escorted by its owner, and looking as prettily saucy as if there never had been a STUMPYBUMP in the world.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON derived his aristocratic *prénom* from a celebrated General, and his surname from his father, who had been that General's Tailor, and his Regiment's Tailor into the bargain, which was quite another matter and a very profitable one too, for the Tailor and the General, though what it was to the unfortunate "foot-wobblers" who wore the uniforms manufactured by TOMPKINSON *Père* is a "horse of a very different color." It was of course by virtue of the mutually profitable and agreeable relations existing between General LORD FITZROY and Mr. JOHN TOMPKINSON Senior, Army Clothier of King William Street, London, that Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON found himself one morning clad in a very uncomfortable jacket and trowsers, and practising still more uncomfortable attitudes, vulgarly known as the "balance and extension motions" in the barrack yard of an English garrison town, in a manufacturing district, which had then the distinguished honor of being preserved from the onslaught of rampacious chartists by the presence of Her Majesty's 129th Regiment of Foot.

Ensign JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON having in due time according to the report of the serjeant-major and the adjutant, become duly accomplished in the "balance motions" and several other very ingenious modes of torment, deemed necessary for licking military cubs into shape, was pronounced fit for duty, and from that time to this took care to do as little of it as possible; for the three years during which he honored the 129th with his personal

presence, he just contrived to attend sufficiently to the daily routine of a Regiment, to keep to wind-ward of a very grim old colonel, and then through the interest of the old General got himself appointed aide-de-camp to another old General, on a foreign station.

This General, whom we shall call Sir JASPER SHABRACQUE, was a fine old fellow who had served his country for some sixty years, in different parts of the world, at one time half roasted in the tropics, at another half frozen in Canada. He was a very tall, spare man, with a stoop in the shoulders, such as is common to all men who have spent half a life time in the saddle. There was a ghastly scar on his cheek, a record of the charge on the banks of the Esla, and half his teeth were left behind him at Salamanca, kicked out by the heels of his dying charger, where he shared in the glories of Le Marchant's terrible onslaught; his right arm reposed not far from the Marquis of Anglesey's leg on the field of Waterloo, and altogether he had been so scored and hacked, that the wonder was how there was any body left together to hold his gallant spirit. He was a brave and good soldier with not an atom of "pipe-clay" about him, and the only wonder with every one was how he could possibly tolerate such an aide-de-camp as Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON; the probability was that the General knowing that there was no chance of war where he was in command, thought that he might just as well have Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON to ride after him, in a cocked hat and cock's tail, as any other officer.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON was not a very military looking person. He was very tall and bony; there were as many corners in him as there are in a "front of fortification;" he was all angles, "salient" and "re-entering," with a very red face and very light hair and very large glassy grey eyes. But Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON was eminently popular among the fashionable fair, for he was a capital dancer, and it would have been hard indeed if he could not do that well, inasmuch as he could do nothing else; and he was an inimitable talker of those meaningless platitudes which make up the usual conversation of a ball room and of evening parties, in certain circles. And better than this, Mr. JOHN TOMPKINSON who was the only son of his father, the tailor, received from that exemplary parent a very handsome allowance in addition to his pay, which enabled him to shew off with a stylish equipage, handsome horses, fine clothes and many other etceteras, all of which act on young ladies, pretty much the same as the worms, gentles and maggots in an angler's bait box act on fish, or a decoy duck on wild fowl. Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY was the last pretty little fish, the last dear little duck, caught by the bait which has deluded so many of the genus.

## OCHLOCRATICAL SAPPHICS.

Poor Robert Baldwin, what art thou going to do!  
All round about thee, things are getting squally,  
Terrible Tories making up their minds for  
A horrible row!

Only a week ago they smashed your windows,  
Brickbats and stones they threw about in hundreds,  
And with many cheers the savages did in  
Effigy burn you.

Better take it quietly, poor Robert Baldwin!  
And like the iron Duke, put up iron shutters,  
After the radicals served him so scurvyly  
In Piccadilly.

Next time they roast you, they'll do it in earnest,  
You and Mackenzie, poor Jemmy Price and Blake,  
For those fellows have some queer ways of their own  
Up in Toronto.

You've made a pretty mess with your rebel bill,  
Sleek-looking, sly, political deceiver!  
Either instanter go about your business,  
Or you'll be turn'd out.

## PARENTAL REPLIES TO FILIAL QUESTIONS.

## On the Choice of a Profession.

Q. What are the privileges of Parliament?

A. The privileges of Parliament consist in getting eight dollars a day, freedom from arrest, and freedom of speech.

Q. What is freedom of speech?

A. Freedom of speech consists in saying to an honorable gentleman "You're a liar."

Q. What are the liberties of the Press?

A. The liberties of the Press consist in being abused by your friends, and slandered by your enemies; in being kicked and cuffed by all who do not want your assistance, and listening to hypocritical professions of life-long thanks from those who do; in having to bear any amount of insult from privileged M. P. P's. or Barristers at Law, and being made to pay handsomely if you venture to defend yourself; in finding your opinions criticized and controlled by those who never mean to pay for your paper; and finally, being buried at the Parish expense, with a public notice that you were the friend and instructor of the people.

Q. What are the privileges of the Bar?

A. The privileges of the Bar are to wear a white choker, and call yourself a gentleman by act of Parliament, although your own acts might entitle you to a different appellation; to possess the smallest amount of knowledge, and the largest amount of impudence; to talk of books you never read, and give opinions on subjects you never knew; to bring speculative actions for damages, because law costs you nothing, but may ruin some innocent man against whom you have an innocent grudge; and finally, you may die a Judge with a thousand a year.

## FILIAL REPLIES TO PARENTAL QUESTIONS.

Q. Which Profession would you choose, my son?

A. I should like to be an eminent lawyer, Papa, and—and—

Q. And what? my dear.

A. And an eminent statesman, too, like Colonel Gugy.

## The Governor's Visit to the Punch Office.

It is not generally known but now it will be, that His Excellency the Governor General expressed a desire to visit the establishment of Punch in St. Francois Xavier street, and accordingly the talented boy who presides over the complicated affairs of that wonderful establishment, received a note from the Attorney General East, which on being translated to him by the renowned "Dolly" overwhelmed him with the announcement that His Excellency would drop in on the following day: unless he should on his way down, drop in to some of the holes in the streets so obligingly provided for the disappearance of pedestrians by our energetic Corporation. Our indefatigable boy instantly began his preparations for receiving the illustrious visitor. The whole of our extensive frontage was swept at an early hour, and before the Big Bell of Notre Dame had sounded six o'clock, our extensive mat was well beaten against the Seminary wall. The boy with an axe and shovel proceeded to remove the snowy incrustations bestowed upon the door steps by the liberal hand of nature, and every thing was done by that precocious juvenile to confer honor on the Representative of Royalty. The interior of our premises presented a very elegant appearance; the whole of the walls were covered with beautiful full length portraits of ourselves in our various costumes, and with posters got up with every desire to attract public attention, while the counter which had been vigorously scrubbed, presented an unbroken although dilapidated surface of painted deal. In order to give an appearance of extent, our letter box was thrown entirely open: thus showing as far as eye could reach, an uninterrupted view of our interior. A special cabman was sent to some of our principal contributors who however not having cash or debentures to pay the fare refused to attend. Our artist was a noble exception to this discourteous behaviour. He immediately LOCK'D up his studio, put the key in his pocket and not caring whether the cab was paid or not, obeyed our summons; having first put on a clean collar, and carefully turned it down for the occasion. At precisely one minute and two seconds and a half past ten, the facetious Editor smoothed the grey locks on his venerable brow, and took his station at the back of the till, keeping a strict eye on the boy, who was decorated with a fur cap of the order of "Ancient Mouscr" to which was attached the black ribbon of the venerable sandal. Our artist wore, as is his custom on wet days and State occasions, the celebrated looped up, large flapped Spanish sombrero pre-

sented to him by "Santa Anna" some time after the battle of San Jacinto. Having remained until two o'clock in anxious expectation, the artist and the grey headed Editor went "sudden death" for beer. The grey-headed Editor was the victim, and the boy being ordered to appropriate four pence, which a patriotic individual had deposited on the deaf counter in exchange for No. 5, was on the point of disbursing it for fluid, when the voice of the Attorney General East was heard to exclaim—"Mon Dieu, est ce la le bureau de Ponche" which freely translated means "my eyes, this is the magnificent dwelling of the celebrated Punch."

The grey headed Editor instantly had a game of leap frog with the counter and received the Governor at the scraper, while the boy pocketing the four-pence made a graceful obeisance. The scene at this moment was particularly grand; but as description must fail to impart an idea of its sublimity, we shall refrain from entering into further particulars.

On the entrance of His Excellency, a procession was formed in the following order.

THE GREY HEADED EDITOR,  
*Carrying the Till of Maintenance;*

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL,  
*Supported on each side by several pages of our Publication.*

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL EAST,  
*Supported by nothing.*

OUR ARTIST,  
*Supported by himself.*

OUR BOY, (with a Clean Face.)

In this order the procession moved slowly round the counter, and the grey-headed Editor having deposited the till in a place of safety, proceeded to explain to the Governor, the various branches of our establishment. The first thing that was brought beneath His Excellency's notice was our paste pot, and as he expressed a wish to stick a bill, his desire was instantly gratified, and the Governor graciously posted the representation bill on the back of Mr. LaFontaine, and instructed him to carry it through the Houses of Parliament, in spite of any opposition.\*

The grey-headed Editor then announced that a cold collation was spread in the wood closet; but as he had previously uttered a bad joke, a gloom had been thrown over the party and the procession evinced a desire to move off.

Before leaving the premises His Excellency conferred the order of the half dollar as well as the trente-sous upon the grey-headed Editor, and put into the hands of our boy a copper medal, bearing the inscription "a bas du Canada."

The crowd outside the office manifested their loyalty by calling a sleigh; His Excellency and Mr. Attorney General East instantly slipped into it and slid away.

The Procession then moved off to lunch at "Dolly's" in the following order.

THE GREY HEADED EDITOR,  
*Bearing the Till minus the Maintenance.*

OUR ARTIST,  
*And his Hat.*

The Boy has not been heard of since.

\* Punch is sorry to add that he has since been informed that a notorious character named "Papineau," has wilfully destroyed this cherished document.

Col. Gugy's Distress.—Col. Gugy wished to prevent the *Pilot* from getting out on Thursday. What would the vessel of State do without the *Pilot* at the helm! Ship-wreck would be the inevitable consequence, as she was much damaged in passing through "the Rebellion Losses" straits, and nearly foundered on Representation Rock through the obstinacy of one of the seamen named Papineau. For Col. Gugy, under such circumstances, to endeavor to prevent the *Pilot* from going aboard is an action as little creditable to him as some of his previous actions. By and bye, he will be caging what Shakespeare calls the lark—"the Herald of the morn;" he will allow no "Transcript" of the times to issue; will way-lay the "Courier" and leave the inhabitants of Montreal no resource but the "Gazette," which however profitable to merchants is not desirable to honest men. Punch has heard the reason given by the Colonel for his obstructive proceedings is that the *Pilot* offered himself for sale; which would have sold the Colonel, and the Colonel has great objections to a sell. Nevertheless Punch will sell him—his back numbers; a few copies of No. 1 and 2 having come back to Punch from Mr. Buell Bookseller of Brockville, (vide advertising columns.)



## REBELLION LOSSES.

Aha! dey have giv me *une poche* full of money for lose my wife, and I would have sell her myself any time for two dollaré!



## THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE.

THE NEWEST EDITION OF A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S  
BELOVED CLARISSA.

MY DEAREST NIECE,



HIS season of the year—Lent, having been declared by the fashionable world (very properly—no doubt) to be one, when no ball can be given, I avail myself of my leisure to write you a few truths. Grave truths, which cannot be graven too deeply on your mind, concerning the carving and gilding of which, I am about to speak.

You have before you advantages which many may envy. Youth, beauty and a good uncle; besides a brother in the Commissariat; and the first step is to shew you, how to put them to good use.

Youth passes away more quickly than the tobagon descends the hill. This is a serious consideration and ought to remind you, that as your attractions are greater now, than they ever will be, they ought the more to be displayed. To hide our talents under a napkin is forbidden, therefore I would recommend you, not to waste your charms on the desolate solitude of your dwelling, but to shew them in the streets of the city as much as possible. Lose no opportunity of walking up and down Notre Dame Street, more especially after a shower, and on that occasion always wear black silk-stockings, and be exceedingly careful that your dress is not soiled by the mud. By thus walking you not only obtain much healthful recreation, but you and your uncle will become well known and well talked about,—a sure prelude to the admiration of a sensible man. When in the streets always be giggling. A gentle giggle,—a demure simper is of great use. It makes the men believe that you have much heart, and yet be quite artless. It can easily be prolonged to a laugh, or it may dwindle to a cry. It is particularly effective when you do not want to understand a person, especially when you have no bouquet to smell, and you can drop into a serious vein directly it is worth your while.

As to beauty,—it is a subject requiring great thought, and ought to be the first care of your life,—being, if I may use the term, your capital in trade; the endorser of your notes, (even when you sing badly), and the best card in your hand. I used to think that, the most necessary part of education,—was a judicious course of reading,—that it instilled generous principles and gave us constant themes for conversation. But a close observance of the habits of society have led me to change my opinion, for I find things are altered since I went to school. We have now a far more refined and ecstatic pleasure in telling how the X's spent the evening at the Z's, and how melancholy to state Miss A. is losing herself. In fact, it is difficult to fathom the delight, with which many speculate how the B's manage to live, or to know why Mr. I admires Miss Y. For what is the use of friends unless they add to our entertainment, and if you only say what others say, you tell no fib. Moreover there is no commandment against bearing true witness of your neighbour, and of course, you would not repeat what you did not hear.

Reading is very well for editors of newspapers, and such men as your uncle Punch keeps about him to enliven his old age; but unless you have a great deal of spare time, I do not think it is of much use to you, at all events, it is no good talking about it, at present.

I must now conclude, for the labor of this letter has been such, to have shaken my nerves; so adieu, my dearest niece until the next time, and believe me

Your affectionate Aunt,

JUDY.

## LIBERAL DONATIONS.

PUNCH has to acknowledge the following munificent donations, handed to him during the week:—

A phial containing the tears of Francis Johnson, Esq. when called to act as a volunteer in 1837—'8.

Two sentences of good English from Mr. Christie's History of Canada, (rare.)

A political point (very small) on which two Canadian editors agreed.

An endorsed note, paid when due, (very scarce.)

A dividend out of the Bankrupt Court, presented by an assignee.

A manuscript of an editorial in the Pilot, written by Mr. William Hincks, (very curious.)

A manuscript of an interesting lecture delivered at the Shakspeare Club, (not believed to exist.)

Punch returns thanks for the above.

## PUNCH'S POLITICAL LEADER.

"AFTER THE FASHION OF THE GAZETTE."

In contemplating the state of the province and the aspect of the Canadian political Hemisphere, we are struck with the proud but painful recollection that our country stands upon a pinnacle, while it trembles on a pivot; and the very abyss into which it must eventually fall, is deepened by the height of the rock it rests upon. While the angry monster of despotism places his paw upon the growth of liberty, we are startled by the humiliating consciousness that the loyalists of 1837 and '8, who fought and bled for all that was dear to them, have failed in securing for us the fruits of their valour. It was emphatically declared that Cæsar sat "straddle-ways" upon the world, but this feat of horsemanship does not equal the rough riding which the Canadian provinces are about to experience, and which for effrontery has not been equalled since the days in which it last occurred. When a ferocious foe forces the yoke upon the necks of a subjugated people, the burden must be borne and the cud however bitter must be thoroughly chewed. But we will not trust ourselves further on this exciting theme,—we quit the topic with a fervent wish, that we may be rewarded for our enthusiasm on the subject by a tremendous sale of Punch No. 6, and an unlimited amount of ready money to replenish our exhausted treasury.

N. B. No Government debentures taken, as our conscience tells us that we are already guilty of circulating a large amount of waste paper.

## STATE PROSECUTION!!

The many attempts recently made in Ireland, to get up exciting and amusing State Prosecutions, have proved so successful, and have tended to elevate the majesty of the law to such an astounding height in that prosperous and happy Island, that other Governments are anxious to try their hands at the same sort of amusement. In Canada, the authorities have at length determined to bring the Honorable Augustus N. Morin to account, for numerous attacks upon Her Majesty's English Alphabet, and it is reported, that he is charged with the wilful murder of the Queen's English. The Attorney General West has received orders to take an eastern circuit for the purpose of prosecuting; and it is also rumored, that several witnesses for the defence have been already subpoenaed, but as they are all English-French Canadians, we suggest to the authorities, the propriety of taking the whole French population into custody, and framing a monster indictment. The proprietor of "Townsend's Sarsaparilla" assures us in his advertisements, that *one trial* will prove the fact; we hope the Canadian Government will be equally successful in their State Prosecution, for although we stand up for the majesty of justice, we fear we should be obliged to sit down if it were thought necessary to have five trials to prove Morin's guilt, as in the case of the "popular Irish felon," Mr. Duffy. As we do not wish to prejudice public opinion, we refrain from making our own impressions as to Mr. Morin's innocence or guilt known, but for the private information of our country friends, we inform them that our opinions are our opinions, and what our opinions are, is entirely our own business.

## MONTREAL SWEEPERS.

The "Montreal Courier" of a late date proclaimed to the world in a spirit-stirring paragraph, that one thousand thorough-bred Anglo-Saxons, well known to the writer, could "sweep the streets of Montreal, in the event of an election or a rebellion." May Punch ask what prevents the thorough-breds alluded to from at once indulging their sweeping propensities. Never could their exertions be more needed. Let us advise the Corporation to send a deputation to the "Courier Office," for the aforesaid thousand sweepers and give them instant employment at high wages. After having swept the city, if they prove themselves good workmen they might be employed by the country in sweeping out the present administration, who could not object to their operations, they being devoted to sweeping measures. We have no doubt Mr. Hincks would furnish the brooms and pay for them with a special issue of Debentures.

“THE WEAL OF THE MANY.”  
—BY A COCKNEY.—

A common phrase, a proverb old, a word of daily round,  
How oft in dreamy mood we find a spirit in its sound,  
And from its dullness desolate, ideas quaint evoke,  
Illuminated manuscripts in desk of homely oak!

The “weal of many!” springs a thought, a bubble to the top  
Of fancy’s welling fountain, there a moment let it stop;  
Suggesting, though his bread may fail, yet joyful be the man  
That his weal is still protected in the Market of St. Anne!

Again, a foam-bell rises, hush! it whispers to the first  
With a deep low rainy murmur, let us catch it ere it burst!  
“There are butchers in the market laying knives upon the steel,  
And the many may be losers in division of their weal!”

Shall I conjure up another?—No, ‘twere better let them rest;  
But cancel not the warning from the tablets in thy breast,  
For a bubble on the surface in prophetic circles cast,  
Is the barbinger of storm as a straw upon the blast,

O distant be the dismal day and far the future dark!  
When the fire of British feeling has out-flashed its latest spark,  
And the Vulture of Columbia in its wheeling flight will pause  
To lacerate the common weal with annexation claws!

But chimes upon the belling wind are borne, and ere long  
Æolian wires of telegraph may vibrate to the song;  
For even now a breezy voice this pitiful moral drops,  
“When the weal of many is at stake let men look out for chops.”

LAWS OF LIBERTY.

We are indebted to a late number of the *Gazette*, for a very singular and original martial poem or war song, attributed, we believe, to the pen of one who having in his time satisfactorily discharged the office of exile to Bermuda, was subsequently, in due course, promoted to one in the Revenue Department of Canada. No literal translation of such a production could adequately convey the spirit of the original, and in essaying a version of it, we have accordingly taken occasional liberties with the text; sifting the chaff in search of the expected grain of wheat, and throwing in an occasional clove of our own, with an effect that must exhilarate the ex-exile, should this reverberation of a long-struck chord from his lyre, chance to tingle in his ear.

First, he apostrophiseth the valiant; reminding them of a great anniversary, and recommending to their consideration a remarkably spirited war-whoop.

Braves of the bold Canadian band  
Remember Feb. fifteen,  
Let no domestic feeling stand  
You and your foes between:  
But let each son of the *Bonnet bleu*  
Thus proclaim with wild halloo—  
Down with the English,  
Dispose of the Scot,  
Capsize the Governor, hesitate not  
The work of revenge to do!

The mildness of the “chaff” here—“dispose of the Scot,” is finely contrasted by its vigor in the next verse.

The darbies on our limbs to fix  
Let them come on if they dare!  
Polish them off my patriot bricks  
And down with *la Reine des Mers*!  
Let each Canuck his weapon wield  
Howling as he takes the field.  
Blow the English  
Skiver the Scot,  
Rose and thistle consign to pot  
Till the fate of your foe is sealed!

Affecting, almost to tears, is the fond familiarity of the playful epithet “Canuck.” Mark how the soul of the poet rises with the occasion too; “disposing” of the Scot is no longer the indefinite operation recommended; “skiver,” is now the word—a term equally applicable to the administration of a pitchfork and the introduction of a bayonet. The withering scorn too, shed upon the national emblematical vegetables! surely the thorn of the English rose has entered into the inmost soul of the exile—the spicula of the Scottish thistle has spurred into madness the long-eared Pegasus of the Bermudan bard. But why is the verdant triplet of the shamrock exempted from his inspired commination? Probably out of personal respect for the well balanced shillelagh of some individual Hibernian navigator.

The simplicity of structure which obtains in the next verse, together with its statistical tendency, entitle it to a place amongst the prose works of the age. We shall not, therefore attempt to translate it at all; merely remarking that the “chaff” of the burthen now runs thus:

Rost the English  
Scallop the Scotch!

a fine touch of cannibalism and cookery, “scallops” being the culinary term for a peculiar mode of frying oysters. Here the poet might perhaps be convicted of plagiarism; the parallel being obvious between, “the

world is mine oyster which I with sword will open,” and “the Scotchman is mine oyster whom I in shell will scollop;” but we acquit him of wilful plagiarism, as the odds are against his ever having read the passage referred to. We hope, however, that the Scotchman may not stick in his throat; though, knowing what obstinate unaccommodating fellows they are, we are rather afraid he will.

If the distinguished ex-exile will favour us with a bushel or so of his “chaff,” he may rely on its being “done into English” in the same impartial spirit with which the poem before us has been treated. No extra charge made for the additional spice.

WANTED £500.—Will nobody LIBEL Punch! Preference given to a Cabinet Minister. Apply at 10, St. Francois Xavier Street.

PUNCH’S “GARLAND” POETRY.

After George Frederick Augustus Stevens.

By the banks of the Guadalquivir  
I saw a young maiden shiver  
All alone,  
Sitting on a stone,  
On the banks of the Guadalquivir!

“Aint you got ne’er a bob to give her?”  
Says a voice in my ear by the river,  
All alone,  
With my grey cloak on,  
By the banks of the Guadalquivir.

Maiden, sweet maiden, come hither,  
Why do you sit there and shiver  
All alone,  
Sitting on a stone,  
On the banks of the Guadalquivir!

Says I, sweet maid, come hither.  
Do not sit there and shiver;  
Get under my chak  
Or the rain will soak  
Your clothes by the Guadalquivir!

Have you no friend or “mither,”  
That you sit there and shiver?  
“Friends I have none,  
Uncle is gone  
To fish in the Guadalquivir!”

You dirty-faced son of your mither  
I’ll pitch you into the river;  
Do you think I’m a flat  
To go and do that  
By the banks of the Guadalquivir!

Once I had shawls to “hiver”  
My back that you now “diskiver,”  
I wish I may die  
If I’d tell you a lie  
On the banks of the Guadalquivir.

To frenzy her passion did “driv” her,  
Aad ere I the double could give her  
She grabbed at my tle  
And shied it a mile,  
To float down the Guadalquivir!

So, Stranger, should you, gning thither  
See a maid by the Guadalquivir,  
All alone,  
Sitting on a stone,  
Why just let her sit there and shiver.

REWARD FOR LIBEL.

Punch has received the following note from his esteemed subscriber, Tibbings, although he wishes to enter into a similar speculation on his own account, he cannot refuse insertion to the communication of his beloved Tibbings.

Mr. James Tibbings, dry-goods merchant, presents compliments to Punch. He wishes to be libelled. Will Punch use his influence with any one of the Proprietors of the Montreal papers to do the deed, and gratify his innocent desires.

Mr. Tibbings has tried the Bankrupt court; but is only \$200 richer than when he went in, and will be forced to emigrate to California, unless he is published as a rogue and a swindler. Mr. T. is not particular as to the term so that it is actionable. Mr. Tibbings was once called a vagabond in the United States and believes he was, but his action was dismissed, there being no law for injured innocence in that country.

If something could be said about Mr. Tibbings licking his old grandfather at Brummagem, it might turn out good, in which case Mr. Tibbings would shell out something handsome for Punch. Mr. Tibbings is of opinion, that a fair spec might be made out of his character, if it was only properly abused which he is quite willing it should be. Perhaps Mrs. Tibbings and the baby might be brought in, in the way of female innocence and youthful beauty, to which there is no objection if the thing pays well; which on those terms it ought. Mr. Tibbings authorizes Punch to allow a liberal per centage to Jurymen if he can manage that polities and libel should be so mixed up together that, as the *Gazette* observes, the independent Jurors may somehow forget which is one, and which is other. An answer will oblige.

St. Paul Street, March 27, 1849.

No. 7 of *Punch in Canada*, will be profusely illustrated with Portraits of the Pepperbury Family, — Specimens of Canadian Colonizers, — California Emigrants, — a Pictorial Summary for the mail, — Effects of the Croisade Contre le Luxe, &c. &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, THOS. BLADES DE WALDEN, at his Office, No 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.